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THE COLLEGE

April 17, 1981
Vol. IV, No. 17
VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

Security on Campus: Conn College Blues

By MEREDITH DRAKE

The security system at Connecticut College seems to be a constant source of fuel for student fires. With the complaints ranging anywhere from minor irritations to serious accusations, security has been charged with ineptitude.

The responsibilities of security on campus include traffic control, protection against vandalism and theft, firewatch for parties. Many students, however, feel that the patrol actually falls far short of offering efficient protection for the campus.

Some recent complaints have been directed towards security's functions at parties. Holly Hubbard, social chairperson of Wright dormitory, reports that the uniformed security "came and just stood around" at the dorm's all-campus party in Harris last November. "Security simply wasn't doing its job. People were let in side doors and security wasn't watching anything." She added that student patrols were drinking and even admitted it. But on the other hand, uniformed security stayed with the non-

alcoholic beverage. "No one admitted that they gave a uniform a drink."

Due to these claims of a breach in responsibility, Wright dormitory refused to pay the bill of \$100 to campus safety for the services of the patrol. But, the treasurer returned from Christmas vacation to find that the money had been taken directly from the dorm's account. It is still unclear as to who actually withdrew the money and the situation is currently under investigation.

Another complaint about security at parties comes from Harkness dormitory where Jeff Day, social chairperson, found uniformed security drinking on the back steps during their campus party. The student patrol were also seen drinking.

Joseph Bianchi, Director of Campus Security, states that he has no reason to believe that his uniformed patrol would break the no-alcohol rule. "No faculty member ever tells me that officers are drinking at parties," he adds.

He continues to explain the responsibility of security at campus parties. "There are always two uniformed of-



ficers at Harris and Cro parties. One does the firewatch and sees that the room is not over-crowded. The other stands by the cash box and helps out at the entrance. There may be some lack of communication as to what security is actually supposed to be doing at parties."

James Chiaravalloti, coordinator of student patrol, strongly suggests that no security officer drinks. "The student patrol is told they're not allowed to and they'll be removed if they do. They may be drinking but it's very unlikely that it's beer. They're hired purely for firewatch. The stamping, money, etcetera are handled by the dorm. Student patrol circulates and sees that there's no trouble."

Thefts, break-ins, and vandalism are other complaints directed towards security. Harkness dorm reports a theft of five bicycles over spring break. And in Windham Lucinda DeCoster returned from vacation to find that her room had been broken into.

"Security is too lax," she said. "They never called the New London police and it

had to be done for insurance purposes. They never came and asked questions. The only report they have is the one I gave the New London police. They're slow and take forever. Security is a joke."

Students are also concerned about the safety of their cars in south lot. Although there is supposedly a student patrol on evening duty, there are also reports of trashed and vandalized cars.

Bianchi responds that vandalism has gone down since the students began to patrol the area. "There has been almost no vandalism in south lot over the last couple of months. We patrol that area more actively than anywhere else, and since February 20 the only vandalized cars have been on the upper campus."

Chiaravalloti concluded that the reason students may find cause to complain is based on a lack of sufficient funds. "There may be many lock outs and an emergency. Of course the emergency takes priority. There are lots of calls for only a few patrollers, and the inefficiency may be because we can't be every place at once."

Dissonance among Harmony Groups

By BETSY SINGER

For 39 students, show business is almost a reality. Although their performances are usually confined to local areas and other colleges, all the Conn. Chords, Shwiffs, and Co Co Beaux agree that singing in close-harmony, before an audience is a lot of hard work but great fun. The different repertoires of the three groups allow for a variety in listening pleasure.

The Conn Chords consists of fourteen girls. Their selection of music can be categorized as traditional folk. Although usually sung acapella, some of their songs are accompanied by guitars. "Unlike the Shwiffs," says sophomore Cindy Susla, "we go for the more nostalgic pieces, rather than the Broadway show-stoppers. Many of our songs are ditties that have been passed on through the years."

Most of the Conn Chords activities include occasional concerts on campus and coffee houses. Presently, they are working towards getting more bookings off campus. For example, they hope to continue the exchanges with the male singing groups of Princeton, Williams, and Yale. Of course, as several Santa Babes will tell you, their singing surprises added to the festivities during

Christmas time. Parents' Day is their next performance.

According to Cindy, there is a "sense of community" between Conn Chord members. "We practice four hours a week. It's a definite time commitment. We do serious singing, but, we're all very close and have the best time!"

Is there a rivalry between the Conn Chords and the Shwiffs? As one Conn Chord states, "We're a different type of group, we're less regimented. Sure, they get more bookings, but they're very strict. For the Shwiffs, that's their whole life."

Andrea Klyn, a freshman member of the Conn Chords explains, "There's an unsaid acceptance of the other groups. For the sake of etiquette, we support their (Shwiffs') performances, and they support ours. Same goes for the Co Co Beaux."

On a different note, Jean Abdella, '84, representing the Shwiffs, comments, "The Conn Chords are different from us." She goes on to explain, "They really can't be compared with us. They're together more for pleasure and enjoyment. We, too, have a blast but we aim towards publicity and performances. Many of us are involved in

Continued on page 2



WCNI Keeps Turning the Tables

By CRIS REVAZ

Enthusiasm. Perhaps that's the best word to describe the general attitude of the staff at WCNI, the college radio station. It is a feeling that is a result of the slow but steady progress WCNI has made since its start back in 1971, and the technical improvements that have made the station sound increasingly professional ever since. WCNI, of course, is not without its internal difficulties, and some questions of standard operating procedure still

have to be settled among the board members. Nevertheless, WCNI definitely has made a positive mark on student life, and, under the leadership of President Mark Oliva, is continuing to move forward.

One of the big plusses for the station, says Oliva, has been the technical expertise volunteered by Mike Tucker. Tucker, who does not attend Conn, has donated long manhours in the maintenance and improvement of WCNI's delicate broadcast equipment. Thanks to Tucker, the

quality of the sound is now much better, and the station will soon have a new "control board," which will enable WCNI to make the jump from monophonic sound to true stereo. This board, which will include a digital clock and other new accessories, will save the station about \$300. Drew Saunders, General Manager and Vice President, says that before Tucker came along, technical failure at WCNI was a regular occurrence. And Oliva, obviously impressed by Tucker's skills, Continued on page 7

NEWS

A Diner's Introduction to Norm

By KATHY HURLEY

Top 40 songs flow from the juke box, and provide the accompaniment for the sounds of laughter, the clinking of glasses, the buzz of conversation, and the muffled knock of billiard balls in the distance. Outside it is drizzling, but the atmosphere is warm and the people are friendly. A tall man with dark hair, wearing gray slacks and a sweater approaches. He is Norm Brochu, proprietor of this cocktail lounge and adjacent diner.

Brochu, a quiet man in his 40's has been managing Norm's Lounge for almost two and a half years, but his true love is the restaurant business. Norm's diner, located at 171 Bridge St., Groton, is a genuine homestyle diner, serving a homestyle clientele. The diner features a wide variety of meals, all served congenially at the crome and green, juke box clad booths or counter service.

Brochu, born in Massachusetts, and moved to Connecticut when he was eight years old, has been involved in one form or another of the restaurant business since he was 14 years old. He worked at various eateries until the early 1960's when he started his own small restaurant on Thames St., called the Groton Snack Shop. When asked how long he'd been in the Groton area, he leaned back and asked his wife when they were married as a point of reference. "1961" she answered. "Then we've been here since 1962," Norm calculated.

"In 1965, we had a diner at the foot of the hill," he said gesturing down the direction of Bridge St., "We were there until 1969." That year Mr. Brochu had a car accident that left him out of commission for approximately seven months.

After that, he held various jobs managing the kitchen of a Mystic restaurant, and helping to open another restaurant in the area. When the diner that now bears his name became available, Norm and his wife were quick to snap it up. They rented the railroad car style diner for two years, and later bought the business.

Norm Brochu, a man of few words, is well liked by his customers. Both his restaurant and lounge have a large following of regulars. Hearty handshakes, pats on the back, and full smiles are exchanged liberally between Norm and his friends. "How ya doin'", and "Good to see 'Good to see you' float back and forth in passing conversation.

Norm tells of a 30-year-old "kid" who has adopted Norm and his cooking. This "kid", as Brochu refers to him, has been having dinner with Norm and his family of customers ever since their days on Thames St. When Norm moved his business to its present location, the "kid" moved right along with him. He has his particular seat in

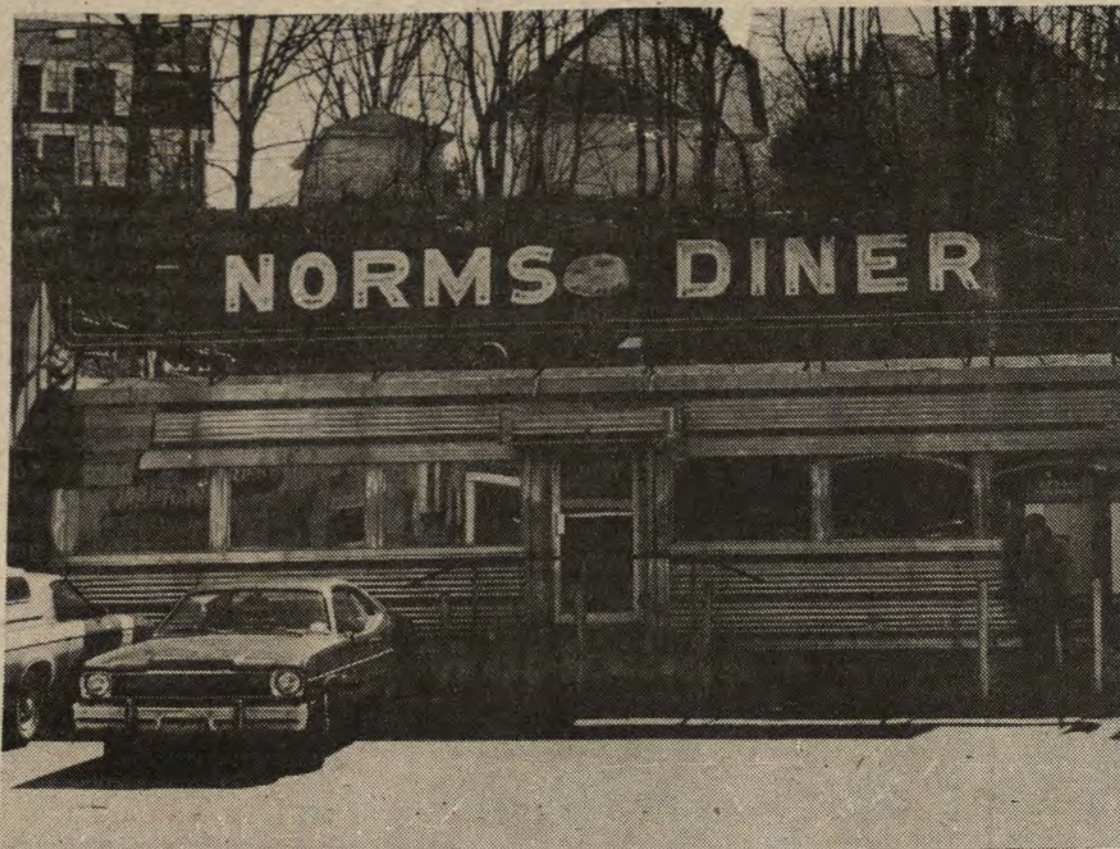


Photo by Dave Geller

the diner, and if by chance he's a little late and someone else occupies it, he looks taken aback and "as if he's been thrown out of his house," says Brochu.

Brochu and his wife like the business because "you get to meet a lot of people," Mrs. Brochu said. "We get such a variety — we get all walks of life; the very low and the very high," said Brochu. No matter what your station in life, you're always welcome at Norm's and you'll get a "good old fashioned, homestyle meal" said Norm, as he puffed on one of many cigarettes.

Norm's serves a lot of seafood, but Norm himself "hates fish." When this was brought up, his wife nudged him playfully and said "go on, tell them why." Apparently Brochu had a bad experience with a fish bone getting caught in his throat when he was a child. Since then, he says he "chews really well, or just doesn't eat it. I like shellfish though, or a sword fish. In that the bone's big enough I can see it and get it out first."

Brochu does all the dinner cooking himself, and puts in about 16 hours a day during the week, and five to ten on weekends. His wife started out as a waitress for him. He then married her "so I wouldn't have to pay her," he

said with a smile. She now handles all the bookkeeping for their two enterprises — the diner and the lounge.

Norm's is a family business. Not only does his wife help out, but his daughter works as a waitress and bartender, and his plans to go to culinary school, hoping to carry on in his father's footsteps.

When asked about the customers from Connecticut College, he chuckled lightly and said "Those kids love the cheese omelets." You get to know them," added his wife. "We've even got some of them wiping off their own tables."

Norm says his family business caters to the local people (the students, Groton businessmen, and Electric Boat employees) "They're the ones who support you all one time," he says. Aside from the locals, Ruth Buzzy (of Laugh-In fame) has been known as somewhat of a regular. "She's a good kid," says Norm. Buzzy used to work at a playhouse in the area and would often bring her actor friends in for a good homestyle meal.

Mr. and Mrs. Brochu were on their way out to dinner as they left. When asked if they'd be eating at a diner, Norm smiled and said "No, we try to get away from that."

Harmony, cont...

other activities, like dance or Pippin', yet, there is still a special sister-like closeness between us. Some people call us clique-y. It's just we really get along well."

The Shwiffs intense practice schedule of one hour per night, Sunday through Thursday, results in many benefits. Now, they are averaging a concert a week. Past performances were held at Quincy Market in Boston, Boston Park Plaza, malls, nursing homes, an Electric Boat dinner at the Sheraton Hotel, and the Old Lyme Country Club. They too, have exchange concerts with male singing groups from Dartmouth, Yale, and Harvard. The Shwiffs received good exposure for their European tour last summer and this year's 10-day winter tour in various ski resorts in different parts of New England. Recently, they recorded one side of an album which will be completed next year. Their next performance is on Parents' Day.

According to Jean, the Shwiffs sing show music, including selections from Pippin' and Annie, contemporary music - Beatles and James Taylor, and a few 1940's Andrew Sisters' tunes. Sometimes, dance routines are added to the acapella performances. As the Conn Chords sang for Santa Babies, the Shwiffs sang for Valentine's.

For the trivia fanatic, the Shwiffs derived its name from a male singing group, Whiffinpoofs, from Yale, back in the 1940's. A girlfriend of one of the members wanted to start a female singing group at Conn. She came up with the "She-Whiffinpoofs." Need I say more? Interestingly, the Shwiffs say they were formed before the Conn Chords while the Conn Chords state the opposite.

Sophomore Mont Fennel describes the only male singing group at Connecticut College, the Co Co Beaux. Three years ago, now-Senior Tom Bates got a group of guys together to sing what Mont calls "basically barbershop music." The reason being that chorus tended to get boring and it lost many male voices.

The projects of the eleven-member group includes exchanges with female groups of other colleges. For instance, next weekend, they will be performing at Wheaton. They also sing at concerts here, nursing homes, and high schools such as Darien High. Presently, the Co Co Beaux are providing a Tuck-in Service for \$2.00. As a surprise, some of the guys enter the person's room, fluff the pillow, read the story, *Where the Wild Things Are*, sing "Good Night Little Girl," and provide kisses goodnight. As Mont notes, "The girls usually get all embarrassed." Their next concert is on Parents' Day.

As a freshman, Mont thought the Co Co Beaux was "Some bathing club from Mexico." However, he quickly learned it's a singing group. "We are basically barbershop. There are some funny songs like "Where Do You Prep?" Our appeal is more comedy. Actually, our voices are mediocre; it's our spontaneous nuances that make the Co Co Beaux what we are." (By the way, Mont can be seen portraying a pregnant woman in their rendition of "Yessir, That's my Baby.")

In commenting about the Shwiffs and Conn Chords, he thinks they're both good. "The spirit of the Conn Chords is fine. The Shwiffs could use a little more spunk, but they're excellent talent-wise."

It is obvious that all three singing groups enjoy themselves a great deal. None of the groups are considered official clubs; they are not school funded. They make their own money just enough to travel. Tryouts for the groups occur at the beginning of the Fall semester. Despite all the hard work, Mont sums it up in one sentence, "It feels good to be out there!"

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energy, environmental, and consumer protection organization—will conduct interviews April 21 on campus. Contact the career placement office for more info.

Abortion: A Response from the Women

To The Editor:

We wish to respond to the two essays on abortion in the April 10 issue of the *College Voice*, as women who are concerned about the attack on abortion by the "pro-life" forces, and the wishy-washy defence by "pro-choice" liberals.

Patrick Kennedy's article is nothing more than a reiteration of hard line conservative rhetoric.

Mr. Kennedy sees that there is a choice to be made between the rights of an already existing woman and the rights of a fetus. He does not choose the woman because her "pregnancy is a result of a choice freely made..." and he "cannot insulate people from the consequences of their mistakes." In other words, the woman has gotten herself pregnant and should have to pay for that sin by having the child.

Mr. Kennedy willfully ignores the fact that not only does the woman pay, for something that she did not do along and did not necessarily do freely but society as a whole pays, literally. Society pays through welfare, food stamps, foster care, adoption agencies, reform schools and eventually prisons. This is not to say that all children who are unwanted end up on the welfare rolls or in prisons, but a large percentage do.

If we take Mr. Kennedy at his word we would have to believe that abortion is wholesale murder akin to the holocaust. What he fails to realize is that abortion is not

an issue for politicians. To legislate on abortion would mean to legislate on when life begins. Scientists cannot now and will never be able to decide when life begins. Because that would mean giving a definition of life and a definition of life is the philosopher's realm. In the United States one cannot legislate on philosophy.

Both Mr. Field and Mr. Kennedy fail to address the emotional issues behind the abortion controversy. When a woman becomes pregnant she must go through a long and agonizing decision-making process. If she does not fully understand these options before she enters an abortion clinic she is informed of them before the operation is performed. She is also encouraged to take these options seriously and have the child if she feels capable of handling it.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Field and Mr. Kennedy can argue over a bill that would ban abortion as if it were any other piece of legislation. We suppose they can argue so dispassionately because they can get up from their typewriters and never think about the issue again; we cannot do that. They will never be faced with the choice of whether or not to have an abortion. A choice which will, in either case, for better or worse, change them for the rest of their lives. We want the right to make that choice.

Sincerely,
Charlene DiCagillaro, Julia Strauss, Amy Toder, Rachel Trumper and Amy Waldman

To the Editor:

The issue of abortion was debated in the *College Voice*, as it has been in Congress and the Supreme Court, by men. It is amazing that some men who are against abortion take it upon themselves to decide that a woman's life or health is not as important as that of a fetus, and that any woman is capable of raising a child for twenty years.

We must look at the reality of what will happen if abortions are illegalized. Thousands of women yearly will attempt illegal and unsafe abortions, and many will die or be maimed as they have in the past.

Leaders of the New Right have stated that even when abortion will threaten the mother's life, the rights of the fetus should prevail. No provision will be made in the proposed Helms-Dornan Act to allow abortions for victims of rape, incest, parents with congenital health problems, or young girls. Under this act a twelve year old who was raped must go through the physical and emotional traumas of giving birth and raising a child. Forcing women into these situations does not follow a respect for human life.

The rights of the mother (and father) to choose whether to have a child are not opposed to the rights of the fetus. Such decisions are based on whether the family, or single woman, can afford to provide for the child and has the time to give it the care it will need. A child has a right to be born wanted and to be cared for. Given the economic stresses the population stresses at this time, it is not possible for all fetuses to be properly cared for if they are allowed to develop into humans; many would surely starve. I purposely say that fetus must develop into a human being because I do not see an em-

bryo without a central nervous system, and ability to reason as yet being a human. Such a fetus has the potential to be human, but so do all the eggs within a woman.

Patrick Kennedy in his anti-abortion statement claimed that women deserve the consequences of "their mistakes." He, of course, makes no mention of the father's responsibility for the pregnancy. It seems only just, following his reasoning, that any law prohibiting abortions would also include a law which forces father's to take equal responsibility in raising the child.

Mr. Kennedy also believes that abortions are a desecration of human rights equivalent to that of Nazi Germany under Hitler. It is impossible to believe that the anti-abortion legislation being considered is really concerned with human rights. The Family Protection Act which is being proposed by anti-abortion groups, attacks almost all human rights legislation that has been created over the past twenty years. The Act denies women the right to demand any form of equality. The Act will submit homosexuals, and those sympathizing with them, to persecution. So called, "right to life" such as Dean Wycoff (head of Santa Clara County's Moral Majority), Reverend Charles McHenry (of Californians for a Biblical Morality), and Reverend Bob Jones are stating that homosexuals (compromising at least 10 percent of the population) should be killed for disobeying God's law (no consideration is made of Jesus' warning not to throw stones). The most incredible provision of the Family Protection Act, which is supposed to protect the rights of the unborn, is that child abuse will be legalized. Such rampant disregard for

human rights truly deserves to be associated with Nazism. That these provisions are based on so-called morality makes no difference since Hitler also thought he was acting morally by preserving what he felt was good and destroying those he felt were evil.

Quotes from the New Right (from the Humanist, Sept. 1980) reflect this anti-humanitarianism. "Secular humanism is now the official religion of this nation." "Humanism is 'Satanic in origin, purpose and effect.'" "Our beloved, once-Christian nation is now on a collision course with the humanist-socialist juggernaut." How any person that believes in Christ can say that humanism is opposed to Christianity is beyond comprehension.

Abortions, granted, are not the most desirable alternative. However, making abortions illegal is morally unacceptable. As Charles Hartshorne warns in the Christian Century: "The law compels and coerces with the implicit threat of violence; morals seek to persuade." Anti-abortionists should try to convince women not to abort and provide them with alternatives, instead of prohibiting them to through the law. It would be wonderful if those against abortions could reduce unwanted pregnancies by teaching sex education and improving availability of contraceptives. In addition they could increase the number of people willing to adopt, and provide day care centers for working women in order to improve alternatives to abortion. If their primary concern is for life they should become more active in peace groups, take a stand against U.S. military aid to El Salvador, and work to halt the arms race, as well.

Terry Greene '82

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Answer to "5 Questions"

To the Editor:

Your criticism of the energy conservation program seems to be typical of the average, wasteful American. We do have a limited supply of energy, and any program that attempts to make one realize how much energy is actually wasted, is truly beneficial. Granted, the advertising expense of this

program will perhaps negate the immediate reduction in the school's energy costs, but in the long run, this program will help to make more students conscious of wasting energy. It is often said that one is half-way to a solution when he or she becomes aware of the problem. Just one stroll down any dormitory hallway at night will help prove this point. This

"mule and carrot" program which you are criticizing is working, and in future years it'll not only help reduce this school's energy waste, but it will pay for the advertising costs over and over again. If this is simply the way the Student Government keeps themselves busy, then they may not be so bad after all.

Geoffrey Joyce '83

Planning next semester's schedule?

Leave time for a position on THE COLLEGE VOICE

Contact any current editor for further information

ENTERTAINMENT



Photos by Carolyn Blackmar

They Could Have Danced All Night

By RACHEL YOUREE

Last weekend about five hundred students and parents from the Connecticut College community were entertained by the Conn. College Dance Club and friends. The name of the concert, "Moving," was very appropriate for this exuberant concert, but also referred to the philosophy and spirit of the Dance Club itself.

As a functioning organization, the group works towards the goal of expanding the experience of the dance community beyond the campus. Throughout this year the club has coordinated three trips to New York City, one to see the Joffrey Ballet, another to see the Broadway hit, "Dancing." The third trip was an opportunity for students to take dance classes at studios in the city, and to take in the city in any other way they pleased. The Dance Club has also helped make possible a master class with Kei Takei, a professional in the art of improvisation. The club has shown free films and plans more for the future. The possibilities for dance related events is encouraged and expected to grow. All that has been enjoyed has been supported by two biannual fund raising events, the Parklane Dancewear sale, and the concert.

The concert this spring displayed the ambition of thirty-eight students and three faculty members who were determined to put on a good show. The enthusiasm was evident not only in the performance, but also in the quality and quantity of effort the participants contributed, with special thanks to production manager and technical director, Jake Handelman.

This extra special concert covered a spectrum of dance styles. An insightful piece by Jo Siff, called "Minamata," was danced to the music of the ancient Japanese court. Minamata is a fishing and farming village in Japan that suffered greatly from petrochemical contamination, and was one of the first recognized examples of water pollution in industrial wastes. Jo Siff was beautiful as she tied her grace and knowledge of Japanese dance with ominous lighting effects and stunning slides to cry out a warning to all.

After three peaceful lovely dances, there was an intermission during which the audience had time to reflect and converse while munching on juice and cookies. On return, they were perked up by high spirited Leona Mazzamurro and Rick Rose

as the two slipped, slid and tapped to the music of "Sweet Georgia Brown."

The final and most exciting dance choreographed by Leona Mazzamurro, was "Space Harmonics." This wild jazzy piece was to everyone's favorite song, "Celebration," by Kool and the Gang. Its powerful high energy overwhelmed the audience and sent them home dancing.

The Dance Club Concert had a total of nine pieces, each a show in itself, but together a truly invigorating experience. The show was opened with jazz by Nan Gaines and Shana Kaplow, and followed by "Amilee Part Two," or "It may not always be so," by Amy Condren and Jan Henkelman. "Le Printemps," was a ballet piece by Mary Whitney, then came "Inevitable," by Callie Hoffman and "Catalyst," a duet by Jo Siff and Melissa Hayes Tishler.

The energy and vitality of the dancers made a truly terrific concert. Everyone looks forward to the fall concert next year when once again there will be support for this powerful student effort in the medium of dance.

Liederkreis Ensemble Gives Delightful Performance

By LISA CHERNIN
Review: Music. The Liederkreis Ensemble. Dana Hall, Friday April 10, 8:00 p.m. Hazel O'Donnell, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Ray DeVoll, tenor; James Maddalena, baritone. Music by Bartok, Schumann, Rossini, Brahms, Work, and Foster.

Anyone who attended the Liederkreis Ensemble's concert on Friday spent a delightful evening listening to beautiful singing. The program featured ensemble pieces, duets, and solos, allowing the audience to become well acquainted with the voices of the performers. The four folk songs by Bartok which opened the program, and indeed all the ensemble songs, demonstrated the superb blend of voices that is a Liederkreis trademark.

Of the solos and duets, the most outstanding were those sung by tenor DeVoll and mezzo-soprano Fortunato. Mr. DeVoll has a pure, ringing tone, and his control is excellent. His rendition of Foster's "Beautiful Dreamer" was spellbinding.

Ms. Fortunato sang one of the most difficult songs on the program, Brahms' "Ver-

zagen." She handled the highly chromatic vocal line with ease, and gave the song the desolate emotion it needs to be a truly effective work. Her rich voice flowed effortlessly in Schumann's "Des Sennen Abschied," DeVoll and Fortunato combined for a beautiful Rossini duet, "Les Amants de Seville."

By far the most unusual work on the program was Rossini's comic duo for two cats, in which the soprano and the mezzo-soprano meow, hiss, and spit at each other. It was acted and sung by O'Donnell and Fortunato with just the right amount of malice.

Ms. O'Donnell gave a rather sloppy performance of the solo part of Rossini's "La Passegiata." Her entrances were messy, and sometimes her pitch was disturbingly imperfect. Her voice is, however, very attractive.

Mr. Maddalena's solo songs were unhampered by technical difficulties, but were made less enjoyable by his stage presence, which was pompous and irritating.

Craig Smith was a fine accompanist, and is deservedly considered an equal member of the Ensemble.



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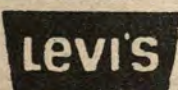
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Women's Lacrosse Psyched after Win over Mt. Holyoke

By ALLEYNE ABATE

One could feel the grip of excitement tightening as Conn. College's Women's lacrosse team recorded its first victory of their young season against Mount Holyoke, 12-10, on Saturday. They entered the game at 0-3, having lost to Amherst, Trinity, and Northeastern. This contest would be different, however. A new show of aggressiveness surfaced

amid the rain threatening skies over Harkness Field in New London.

CC coach Nita Lamborghini felt very good about her team's performance. "We were more aggressive today, and we went to goal a lot more."

Much praise was given to junior goalie, Sarah Van Leer, by her coach. "She just had a fantastic game."

The Camels started the

scoring shortly into the first half as Hilary Chittenden, a senior, scored off of a free shot. Conn did not get another goal, though, until after Mt. Holyoke scored twice. The home team's scoring threat reappeared later when Sally Peters responded. After two more Holyoke goals the Camels began to consistently score against their opponents. Scoring for Conn. in the first half was finished off

by a pair from Jane McKee, a second goal from Chittenden, and one more by Sue Baldwin.

With a lead of 7-6 going into the second half the Camels' defense seemed to slacken as Mt. Holyoke scored three straight times. These successive goals by the opponent ignited Conn's offense. Freshman, Jane McKee, continued her excellence with the Camels first goal of the second half, and her third. Sarah Parton then got into the act with two goals. Sue Baldwin added number 11 followed by Prill Toland.

Offensive star, Jane McKee, summed up the game. "It was our

aggressiveness that made us outplay them. We didn't pass enough, but it worked out alright. I think the psyche-up pancakes really helped us too." (Coach Lamborghini gave the team a pancake breakfast at her apartment prior to the game.)

Julie Osborn, another varsity member who did not see action in this contest commented, "We were connecting and running very well. The shots were on. They were just there."

Third man, Anne Merrick, felt equally good about the game. "Getting the first goal really helped us. Afterwards, we won every draw, which psyched Mt. Holyoke out."

Camel Laxmen Whip Amherst

AMHERST—An elated first-year coach, Fran Shields, called it "the biggest win in lacrosse here - ever! His Camel laxmen had just defeated Amherst College, at Amherst, 13-10. The victory was keyed by the spectacular attack play of frosh Chris Harford who handed out six pretty assists, and sophomore sniper, Dave Krakow, who banged in six goals, including the final three to provide the margin of victory.

"Krakow and Harford were very 'clutch'", said Shields, "although they each had seven points, my stopper, Tom Burke was the guiding force in settling our offense down." Burke added two goals and two assists to the cause, giving him a team-high 26 goals on the year.

Goalie Stuart Glover, rebounding from a tough loss to WPI, played a phenomenal second half, stopping 18 shots, allowing only three scores. He continuously frustrated Amherst all-America attacker times in the first half. Another good reason for Ellis' frustration was the newly found team defense, led by frosh defensive standout, Dan Soane.

"Soane did a helluva job in shadowing Ellis", claimed Shields, "Bobby Gibb was assigned to Ellis at first, but after Kevin got those three

quick ones, I tried to counter with Dan." The move seemed to work for the Camels, as Soane ragged Ellis all over the field and the defense backed up really effectively. Glover did the rest.

The Camels wasted no time as Krakow took a feed from Burke at 4:55 to counter Ellis' opening tally. Conn took the lead on a nice cut and shot by Mark Oliva. Harford set the goal up. Ellis tallied again to tie it, but the Camels answered with goals by Scott Bauer, his first of the year, and Harford to take a 4-2 lead at the end of one stanza.

Conn increased the lead to 5-2 as it was Krakow again on a super feed from Harford in a crowd. Then the momentum shifted. The "Lord Jeffs" came back with three straight goals to knot things at 5-5.

"We kept getting caught late on our team slides (back-up). Ellis was simply isolating and we were letting him take it to us," noted Shields. Both teams scored two more before the half to make it 7-7 at the intermission.

Amherst came out inspired for the third quarter and Ellis beat Glover with a long bouncer to give the Jeffs the 8-7 edge. Enter Chris Harford. Harford then set up Tom Seclow and Burke to give the

Camels a lead they would never lose. Maybe one of the most important goals of the day for Conn was tallied by frosh attacker Hal Sizer to give the Camels some breathing room at 10-8.

"Hal has come up with a clutch goal in each tough game", said Shields. "He's overshadowed for the time being by a veteran attack unit, but he's a team man and he knows he'll have four strong years here."

The fourth period started typically for the Camels with Krakow getting the goal on a feed from Harford. With 13 minutes remaining, Amherst began to apply intense pressure on the Camel net. At 4:40 Ellis set up Jeff McClellan to cut the Conn lead to 11-9. After Glover stopping a flurry of Amherst shots, Amherst broke through again to make it 11-10 Conn. That was when Dave Krakow took over.

"He was amazing", said Shields. "I was screaming to hold on to the ball and be patient! Harford turns around and feeds the crease - 'Norton' (Krakow) came up big." Krakow pumped in the final two goals to make the final, 13-10.

In the crease...Harford set the school record for assists in a game with his six...the record was previously held by Burke (5) twice...Krakow tied the school mark for goals in a game with six. Goalie Stuart Glover also shares that distinction, reached as a frosh attackman in 1978...Glover had 29 saves giving him 105 in four games, an 80 percent save ratio, ranked nationally...Burke continues to lead the scoring parade with 26 goals and 13 assists...Krakow has 22 goals he scored only 10 points in '80...Harford has 15 assists...Senior attacker Fritz Folts has made a sacrifice in filling in for injured star middle Tod Rutstein. That move puts Harford on the field at all times. Results: devastating...The 3-1 (7-2 overall) Camels wind up their two-week tour of New England with contests at Nichols and Hartford this Tuesday and Saturday. They will then return home to defend the green of Harkness against two top opponents, Bates and Wesleyan. The Amherst win was the first time in the history of lacrosse at Conn that Camels had defeated an opponent with an established tradition of good lacrosse....



Windham-JA-Freeman A-League Champs

By GEOFFREY JOYCE

After struggling through a poor first half and an 8 point deficit, Windham-JA-Freeman got their offense in gear and defeated Hamilton-Burdick 50-41, in the "A-League" basketball final. Although the game was not a classic, both teams had their stretches of good basketball. However, the key to the game was that H-B could not fully capitalize on Windham's slow start. Had the H-B offense been up to it's potential, perhaps they could have created an insurmountable halftime advantage. As it turned out, Jon Barker, Herb Kenny, and Jim Gravel quickly erased H-B's eight point lead. From there, Barker continued to score underneath, while the H-B offense was stuttering.

It was evident from the opening tap that both teams were nervous. The Windham offense was plagued by turnovers, and although H-B was playing fairly weak, they were not in overdrive as they were in the fourth quarter of the semi-finals. Hamilton-Burdick did catch the Windham defenders overplaying the ball, and this resulted in a number of lay-ups for Chuck Bourgeois. It was Bake's solid first half and the passing of Glen Steinman that kept the H-B offense going. For Windham-JA-Freeman, the first half was not one to remember. While Barker and Kenny got off to slow starts, Jim Gravel and Kerry Wisser picked up the scoring. But to all who watched the first

sixteen minutes of play, it was evident that Hamilton-Burdick should have been leading by more than just eight at halftime. Unfortunately for H-B, this came back to haunt them.

It was evident early in the third quarter that Windham was not going to repeat their poor first half performance. Mike Amaral penetrated into the H-B zone, causing the defense to collapse. This resulted in some inside hoops by Barker, and some open jumpers for Jim Gravel. After wiping out the 8 point deficit, the lead kept switching hands. It was at this point that the Windham defense took over. They pressured H-B into a number of costly turnovers and Kenny and Barker continued to capitalize on them. With time running out, H-B was forced to send Windham to the foul line and this accounted for Windham's nine point victory.

It was a strange season in "A-League" hoop, for the two first-place teams, Morrisson and K.B.-Smith, were upset in the semi-finals. However, Windham survived by playing some good team ball. While H-B usually lives by thier outside shooting, on this night, their touch was inconsistent. On the other hand, Windham could survive a poor outside shooting game for they had established some offensive sparks underneath. It was Barker's work on the offensive boards and the penetration of the H-B zone that gave Windham-JA-Freeman the championship.



OFF THE TRACK

FLYING

By KITTY KEITH

There were times when she really had very little to say. Feeling conspicuous, behind her glasses, she eyed the other people in the class, watched as they shifted their weight uncomfortably and prepared to speak. Long-winded discussions seemed to be mandatory. Beside her, a pair of carefully ironed slacks swayed to some inaudible music. Carolyn's white wrists between black woolen cape and emerald gloves. Someone in perfume too heavy, the boy behind her coughed and, clearing his throat, spoke.

I especially liked the author's image of the acrobats, something very exciting about women moving through space, suspended. Bodies unwinding. They seemed almost two-dimensional, purple silhouettes. But don't you think, Carolyn interjected, that the net detracted from the girls' flight? I mean, you could never really forget that they were human, beautifully vulnerable, but then there you'd be, holding your breath again.

A coffee table knocked, she liked to take off her glasses before speaking. That's the attraction of it, isn't it? That they might fall, but somehow we can watch anyway because we don't think that they will. Or maybe we want them to be drawn down, almost as if we dare them to approach the center of some gigantic spider web. I've always wondered, said the voice from which Cathy suspected the perfume oozed, if the net could hold them. At circuses it looks so delicate, a cat's cradle, that I can imagine bodies passing through it, with threads streaming upward.

In the cold air, her glasses fogged up. Rubbing them on her sleeve, she kicked a stone into the pond. Looking up too late, she imagined concentric rings spreading out across the water. A spider darted across the smooth side of the pond; its body angular, tiny limbs seemed not to even touch the surface. You never notice an acrobat's elbows or knees, she thought. They look fluid or maybe spineless. In the dark night air, she wrote in her journal, that must be what they mean by grace, mastery of one's form without the feeling or peering through glasses.

The ground snapped under her feet. In the snow, she could feel the earth bend by her tread, crisp, as if kicking back. Yellow-lit windows, nearby, seemed to hover over the water — stretching their sides as if straining to break from their frames. Aware of other footsteps, she lingered close to the bank, not wanting to lose her tactile sense of the moment by turning around. But she envisioned a darker silhouette behind her, while before her, thin eyelash branches quivered slightly. She hugged her coat closer with the breeze. Damn these glasses. Pink cold fingers pushed them up the bridge of her nose again. Branches moved and leaves rustled.

Can you clarify that?

Well, I'm not sure. I guess I

found her writing cumbersome. Too self-absorbed. (cough) Excuse me. Maybe I, as a reader, feel embarrassed plowing through what I would consider a series of confessions. There was little there that I could relate to...

Carolyn wound a strand of hair around her flower. Do you think that's because you're male? Perhaps you've never experienced this kind of alienation that seems to come from loving, to the point of devouring, someone simply because their form is so closely connected with your own.

A hand removed glasses and set them down on the table. I'm not so sure that sexuality really has to do with carrying something inside yourself. Maybe it's just that women have ready-made symbols to articulate that with. Her voice trailed off.

When tongue-tied, she turned to the back of her notebook and began to write while the others continued to talk. The cavity inside us, looking for things to put there — sorrows and pains, maybe love. Women looking for the intangible, abstract safety nets to put beneath them, but men want to know if they are the father of their children. Red walls and white seeds, she scrawled.

She liked the idea of writing, careful thin black letters on the white paper. When you finished, you had something concrete, stacked pages which weighed in your hand. She imagined the feeling of raising her hand up and down. Writing seemed to do something with the seeds she carried, pain up her stomach and out by her fingers. Like throwing a stone into the water, rippling and spreading. The echo of words came back to her consciousness. Maybe I should get contacts, she thought. Brad smiled at her across the room, and she blushed from the memory of having once longed to push his blond hair back from his eyes. For her two years at college, she had always had a soft spot for him.

Just before Thanksgiving, he had asked her if she was a freshman or transfer student, she had buried her hurt of having been repeatedly overlooked, standing by others on the side of the dance floor. That day, the mere sound of his voice had so startled her that the stray lock of hair seemed exorcized forever from her mind. She smiled to herself.

I'm sorry, how much? she asked.

Fifty-nine ninety-nine, said the man behind the optical counter. Overhead a poster portrayed a distinguished looking man, gazing intently into the eyes of a healthy, heavily made-up and slightly retouched woman. "Pretty eyes" the caption read. She fumbled with her change, determined to get rid of her pennies. She thought she saw him scowl, but when she looked up, he smiled. Free monthly check-ups for the first six months. Light caught in his heavy gold ring and flashed in her eyes. Thanks, she muttered.

She practiced with her contacts over the weekend,

putting them in, hunched over the bathroom sink, half squatted on a towel covering the basin. The trick, she discovered, was to focus on something other than the finger which must touch the pupil. With her invisible lenses, she was able to see her eyes clearly for the first time. Not having realized how brown they were, she frowned — and leaned closer to the mirror. She turned her head and tried to see her profile, studying the reflection on the wall from the mirror she held in her hand. She wrinkled her nose, free from the frames she had peered through since she was six. Outside when the wind blew, she squinted, afraid that her contacts might somehow fall out. By Monday she thought she had it.

In the dingy room, Ramsay made himself at home, balancing a coffee cup on the skinny arm of a chair. He transformed the space around him, Cathy thought, so that even the stiff wooden surface of the seat seemed to give way under his weight. She always envied him, his natural ease and thin form which contained him as gracefully as a long sigh. Carolyn fingered her braid, twirling long strands around her wrist as she spoke. Don't you think that's the author's point...that the womb must be empty before it can be filled? As if the hollow makes women inherently fragile, hovering over something.

A void?

A net. You can't be caught unless you fall. This time no glasses clicked on the table top; no foot anxiously tapped the floor. Cathy spoke louder. Maybe the character's animation comes when we see them as women suspended, close enough to become half silhouette but not unique. Would the acrobats have moved that gracefully without an audience? The author only showed us the final product, the end of what we assume to have been years of practice. What went before is concealed from us, but internalized in the women themselves, and in their performance.

After class she told Brad about the sharpness of Christmas tree lights, all wires and bulbs, she said. You have no idea how disillusioned I felt. And later on, when I took out my contacts, the lights became a vibrating blur of color again — spreading across the whole tree so that it seemed to float.

So that's what's different about you, he said.

It's amazing how differently everything looks now.

I didn't mean that. Before falling asleep, she wondered what he meant.

Shit, she said out loud. Walking along the windy cold street, rain splattered her wrists between mittens and coat. An eyelash had fallen in her eye, half under her contact, and she rubbed her lid — tentatively at first, and then harder. She visualized the instruction pamphlet, neat paragraphs with red headings. ALWAYS CARRY YOUR CHEMICALS AND CASE WITH YOU. Shit, she

said again. She was cold and late for class.

Hey, Cathy! She heard someone call. Carolyn seemed to soar towards her, hair and cape flying in the wind.

You should be coming over the moors, she called to the wild figure.

Don't you love the beginning of a storm? Carolyn said. Cathy smiled, absorbed in the sound of clothes slapping in the wind. She blinked and realized that the eyelash had watered out.

Your hair, she began...

I think long hair is exciting, don't you? Carolyn said. Cathy smiled again, suddenly filled with affection for the girl who, out of a Shakespearean play, seemed so perfectly adapted to the chill of New London.

In class, she made several attempts to catch Carolyn's eye, and when meeting, they smiled again. I never noticed how her eyes twinkled before, Cathy wrote in her notebook. And then someone kicked her chair from behind; a wallabee appeared on the side of her seat. Cathy suppressed a smile, but not the urge to quickly squeeze the shoe.

The author, Carolyn said, could have easily made the women become angels, but throughout the story they remained human. You could sense the presence of some embittered pain, but the women appeared unself-conscious of their own martyrdom. Only their bodies

Continued on page 7

Plastic Emancipation Proclamation

By BUDDY HARRIS

The big question was whether she had more plastic on her face or in her wallet. It didn't take long to figure out.

It was our first date and I had sought to impress her by taking her to a fancy Italian restaurant. I was staring at 45 dollar check when she became enslaved.

"Oh, yes, Master," she cried, and out came the little plastic credit card.

"Do you know me?" the card said in a deep authoritative voice.

cellophane receipt. My wallet nudged me in the ribs.

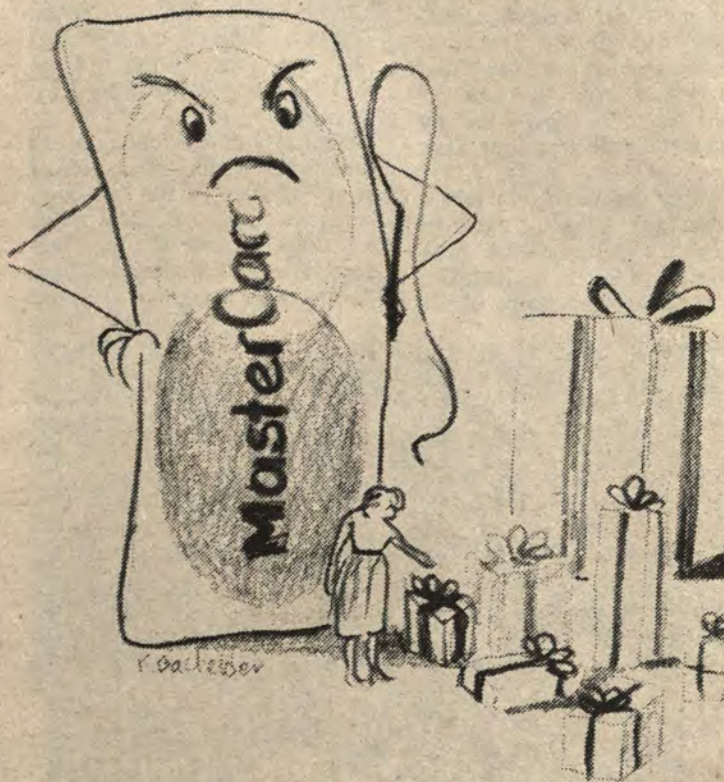
"This girl's o.k. by me," he said.

As we departed from the restaurant she was reprimanded.

"You've been slacking off slave. It's time you worked harder. Let's go to Bloomingdale's They're open late tonight."

"Oh, yes, Master. Whatever you say." And we were off.

We had just entered the store when he had her working again.



"Oh, Master," she pleaded, "Stop teasing me. You know I hate it when you play games." She turned to me with an expressionless look, since a smile would have cracked the plastic.

"He always pretends he's an American Express Card. He knows I hate it, but he loves to do it anyway."

"Flip me on the table, girl," the Master said. "I love it when that plastic sliding plate goes back and forth across my body."

The waitress picked him up, and minutes later he was returned along with a flimsy

"Buy that dress. Get your date a suit. Treat yourself to a sofa," he said.

"Oh, Master, Master, yes, yes," she replied.

The girl was a puppet. A modern day slave to a plastic Master. Thanks to inflation we have really come a long way, I thought. Slaves used to subsist on bread and water. Now they are subjected to fettucini alfredo and Soave Bolla, and shopping sprees. Affluence has its price. She showed no sign of either liking or disliking me, so I

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CONTINUEDS

Flying, cont...

WCNI, cont...

Continued from page 6

were on display, perhaps as a metaphor during their acrobatics.

But, Brad said, the women still had to climb the ladder; they had to choose to do that, make a deliberate decision. Almost like saying, "Here. I risk my life for the beauty of it."

Or for your applause, Cathy said. The shoe moved slightly against the chair.

After class, on the cold railing pressed against their sides, Brad passed her orange sections. One by one, she held them in her mouth and spat the seeds over the railing. He watched them arch over the bar, until they fell out of sight. Carolyn's so pretty, she said.

So are you.

She shrugged. Is that important to you?

No. It's just a fact, that's all. He put his arm around her shoulder, she moved closer. Cath, he began — and then they kissed.

In bed she was surprised at how easily she moved. You move like water, he said. In the musty darkness, she concentrated on her body and how it must feel to him. I feel like you have pulled the spine out of me, she murmured. And then she seemed to float.

In the morning she was alarmed by the angular quality of his body. By daylight his fair hair looked darker against his white skin. She ran a finger down the hollow part of his back, watching the shadows there on a body which seemed new to her. Boney knees pressed her thighs; for a moment she imagined him as a skeleton, tightly wrapped in a thin layer of flesh. Stretching down to her toes, she yawned and rubbed her eyes. My contacts! In front of her bureau, she hurriedly mixed the chemicals and, taking the first contact out, cleaned it in the palm of her hand. In the mirror, his torso reflected behind her. Blurry arm reaching down to zip his pants. His eyes sparkled. Taking out the other one, she saw his pinkish flesh fade down into blue, stopping abruptly with the mirror's wooden frame.

Can you see me? he laughed.

Picture me at forty, she said, with curlers in my hair and cold cream on my face. She smiled as she spoke, and was startled by his sudden change of voice.

I hope I know you when you're forty, he said.

Brad was late to class and sat awkwardly by the door. She tried hard not to look at him, instead studying the hands which held her glasses. Light, filtered through greying blinds, a streak across the floor, strand of hair.

The acrobats, she said, move mechanically, as if they are responding to an internal condition. They seem so self-absorbed...to the point of appearing oblivious to their surroundings, the wires, the audience. The performance is almost like a reflex to something else, something inside of them.

I still object to the egotism of martyrdom, Brad said, even if the process is, as you say,

automatic. Initially, the women chose to become acrobats, look up at the ladder and decide to climb it. They mean to make a procession out of themselves. She watched his face as he spoke, that lock of hair in his eyes...

Even birds have to learn how to fly, she said. They instinctively jump off of branches.

Her eyes were sore that night, and she could feel the contacts sticking to them. Fuck it, she took them out again and walked to the pond. Black like that at night, she thought, it looks bottomless. She listened, holding her breath, as the water splashed the sides. Tonight it sounded like a river.

She woke up several times in the early morning.

Why didn't you call? Brad asked her before class. His face was flushed from running to catch up to her, and his breath was quick and heavy. I don't know, I guess I just wanted some time alone, she said. His body swayed towards her and away again. Her hand brushed his hair back from his forehead, lingering on his cheek.

Ramsay leaned forward, holding a wrist with the other hand. Personally, I think the women are simply manipulating the audience and preying on our sympathies through their fragility; they mean for us, and the other characters, to see them aesthetically. I thought we determined the significance of the audience for the acrobats. Their vulnerability, thin wires instead of ropes...actors don't say, for example, break a leg, during a rehearsal. He leaned back in his chair and looked satisfied with himself.

Outside, the sun warmed her, and she pulled off her gloves. Spring's coming, said a voice behind her.

Yeah, the semester's almost over. As she looked into his eyes, she realized that she still had very little to say.

We could walk to the pond, he suggested. His voice was soft and his eyes were shy; he didn't look at her. After a pause, he moved closer. Cath...

Brad, she said, we don't know each other very well, do we? Lowering her voice, I don't mean that in a nasty way...it's probably me.

I like you.

I like you too. Maybe it's not important that we don't really know anything about each other, but we don't even try. Just two bodies, holding onto the other. Last year, I liked you because I thought you were cute, but you never noticed me until now.

He smiled. She was glad that he didn't look hurt; after all, she told herself, how traumatic can it be? We only went out a few times anyway.

I won't pressure you, he said. He pulled his collar around his neck. And then he kissed her on the mouth.

As they moved away from each other, she called over her shoulder, how about lunch tomorrow? He smiled, ok.

She lay in bed and tried to think of other things. Pushing her arms out against the tight sheet at her sides, she felt like a cocooned mummy. Wrists

pressing the cool covers, she dreamed she was flying. In the morning she had goose bumps, wind rippling beneath her limbs; she woke up chilled and pulled the covers up to her chin.

She cut her class and stayed in bed until eleven. Her stomach hurt and she lay on a pillow. The heavy bloated feeling seemed to creep up from her abdomen, up to her face. She would bleed soon and then her cramps would go away. The digital clock flashed by her bed, and then she remembered that she was going to meet Brad at noon. Burying her face in the blanket, she tried to stifle the tears which welled in her eyes. He hadn't even put up a fight.

She didn't like the way she looked that day. Standing back from the mirror she imagined herself greeting him. She changed her clothes again. Outside, her scarf flapped at her neck, tangled in her hair, and she squinted to keep the wind away from her eyes.

He stood by the railing, hands in pockets and watched her coming towards him. She couldn't see his face, only the dark silhouette of his body. She moved like an acrobat, floating over the ground towards him.

Plastic, cont...

Continued from page 6

figured I'd pursue the relationship considering that the potential benefits were most appealing.

I knew it was getting serious when she introduced me to her father. The owner of the plantation so to speak. Lincoln Rogers Wellworth was his name.

"What do you do for a living, sir," I asked.

"I'm into plastics, young man," he replied. I should have known.

According to the World Book Encyclopedia, a slave works for his/her Master, without pay, although he/she receives food, clothing, and shelter. At least the girl was

said. "He's the savior of the station."

In addition to technical improvements, WCNI is making headway in other areas. The recent "Stereothon" was a big success thanks to the creative energy and sheer guts of Putnam Goodwin and Kenny Abrams, who dropped the needle for 91½ hours, and, in so doing, raised about \$1000 in pledge money. WCNI is now raising between \$1,000 and \$3,000 annually through those organizations who sponsor the various programs. The news department, under the firm guidance of Lisa Lowen and Paul Wisotzky, is expanding rapidly with programming like "From Across The Globe," a summary of international news, "The Calendar," a listing of

Conn events open to the public, and the "Nine O'Clock Evening Specials." And the recent transferral of the station's antenna from the top of Bill Hall to the top of Crozier-Williams will save WCNI another \$500.

The money WCNI is raising will be put towards its present goal: becoming a 100 watt radio station. The change will take about \$10,000, and while the station has nowhere near that amount right now, Oliva seems confident it is a tangible objective. As the number of sponsors and record labels grow, (now about 35), Oliva feels new ways to raise revenue will be found. The staff, which contains some new faces as well as the old, will be working with Oliva to realize that goal.

Resume Writing Workshop

Looking for a job? Need a resume? The Regional Counseling Center of Southeastern Connecticut is offering a two-session resume writing workshop. The classes will be Wednesday, April 29 from 5:00 to 7:00 p.m. and Wednesday, May 6 from

4:30 to 7:00 p.m. at 76 Federal Street in New London.

Session I will include defining objectives, deciding on a resume style, and understanding what companies look for in a resume. Starting a rough draft will be the assignment for the next class.

During Session II, participants will write their resume. The workshop leader will be spending time with each individual in polishing the draft, so that it will be ready for professional typing or printing at the end of the workshop. The cover letter and its uses will also be discussed.

Judith Constantine, a counselor for the Regional Counseling Center, is the workshop leader. She has been providing resume consultations to clients since 1979.

The Regional Counseling Center is an educational counseling center, sponsored by the area colleges, including Connecticut College.

A fee of twelve dollars (\$12.00) will be charged.

For more information, and to register, call 442-4556. Class size will be limited to ten.



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